

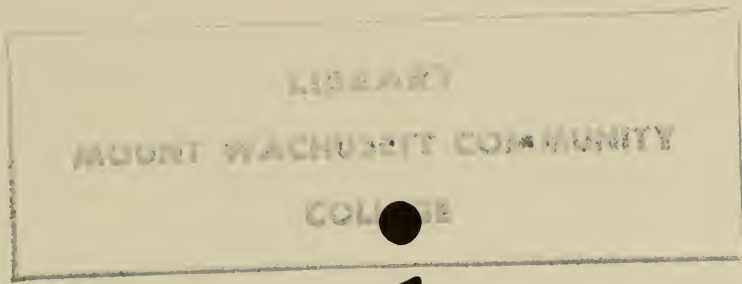
ARCHIVES -

Library
Student Literary
Publications

i



a magazine of poetry & prose



1

a magazine of poetry & prose

volume I

number 1


editor marsha russell
assistant editor paul albert
art editor greg cravedi

advisor michael kressy

cover design by mike remillard

spring 1970

i is published once per year by the students of Mount Wachusett Community College, Gardner, Massachusetts, 01440.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Federally funded with LSTA funds through the Massachusetts Board of Library Commissioners

the neophyte poet
smashed his fertile head against a wall
trying to shape it
to fit a line
 along came
an unproductive POET
picking up bits of raw flesh
looking for ideas.

then the wall fell down
we had no rules
and everyone went crazy

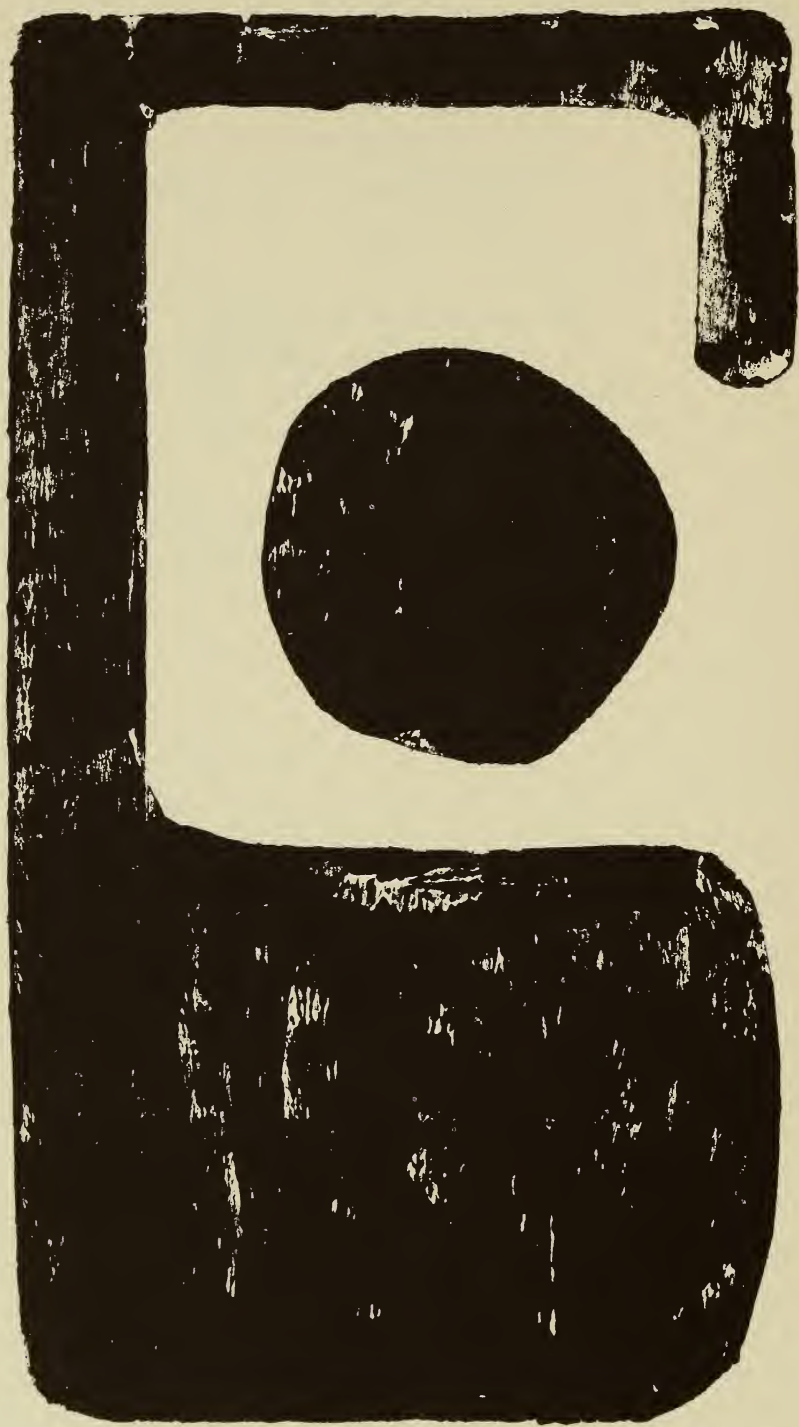
THE SEA AND ME

Walking, walking
in the sands
and on the ocean floor,
my toes feel every grain of sand,
The surf rolls along the shore.
Running up and down the beach,
two children —
sing and play,
they make sand castles, bridges, little
holes, soon the water will wash them
away
Walking, walking
in the sands.

Love —

Your hands once lost
 at your side
when there were so
 many flowers to be picked.

But the gentleness of you
 so strong in one person
has led you past
 flowers to trees.



DREAM

first man sat
in a wicker chair
except for an occasional "mum"
he said nothing
second man sat on an
abandoned
bus seat
he kept getting up
as if to step away
but would only stand and yawn
sitting again
next was a woman
one could easily have identified
with her
if one was massively depressed
bordering on suicide
i had been hoping
i even prayed once
that we could reach our destination
for i cannot recall
boarding a vehicle
or even
buying a ticket

mother and
child

to survive
in the cubicle
is not to live
but to exist
in unison

discord
has been banned

while genocide
rages you
turn to
dear abby
and turn up
the volume
then tell me
to let someone
else
feed the hungry
and pick up
the dying

you won't
get rich my son
by following
jesus

suck all
you can from
the world
if you don't
some jew
will jump in
the vacuum

to survive
in unison
is to be held
captive
as a shadow
to satisfy
the sun

so exist
and fade
in the harmony

but not me ma
not me

CLOUDED JOY

Happiness is just a toy
i want to play
even if the rain
tries to take my way
I'll start a brand new
time
Slushy slime will take its
place
and - Bad jokes will be
my dialogue.

8:15 on rt. 9 again

standing
cold white night
waiting
for a ride
cars
always pass by
sun
always goes down
night
cold and always
white
waiting for any
ride



EPISTLE TO EILEEN

On the windy beach
I see you there
as wild horses upon the skies
And the sea talks to me

Walking along I hear your gentle voice
calling out so tenderly
Soft words flow like the petals of a rose
upon sleep's deep sea of dreams

Along the crystal dunes
my thoughts flow in colors
Images of spring I carry
and tales of you reach my ears from the whispers of
the wind

Our childlike dreams are seen by eyes
with velvet figures in the night
and in the misty evening's light
a gold chain leads to your
Love

EARTH-TEARS FILLING SEVEN SEAS

Man has raped you.

Torn your virginity with
his probing tool guided with lust.

Lust for the omnipotent green.

Lust for the chromium synthetic babes
of pseudo-productivity.

Lust for a social zenith
supported by a mountain of bubbles.

Man has raped you.

Driven spikes of steel into
your tender, foraged hips.

Jeweled your body with
aluminum and glass junk.

Belted you with erratic, homely
strips of black and gray.

And crowned your smile with
a noxious cloud.

Man has raped you.

And nervingly asked the rapists:
Make this globe pure again.

WAITING

Orange love
frozen in flight
a myth — to celebrate
as a picture.
we burn a meadow
in Spring
some tribal symbolism
a provincial dance of death
polyethylene in the sun
eclipsed

and then mystic lighting
buried — fertilized
very scientific
very realistic
very, so damn very
waiting for some slimy earthworm
to turn us on

GAME

tin toy man
blissfully sucking his thumb
in the morning
glistening
so white—and so clean
life—in a tent
a morbid game of chess
where the pawns are always
front line
not very white—not very clean
they should realize
to end the game
the pawns must kill the king.

STOMACH SONG

distant mountains shielded in smoke
a marmalade bomb in the stringy morning
hedging on the edge of darkness. we grasp
for shreds of fiberglass rhetoric,
exclaiming "this is today"
(plastered in lobster newburgh,
discreetly drowned in creme de menthe)
groaning
like disease
in the rest home of our minds
forkfull
society

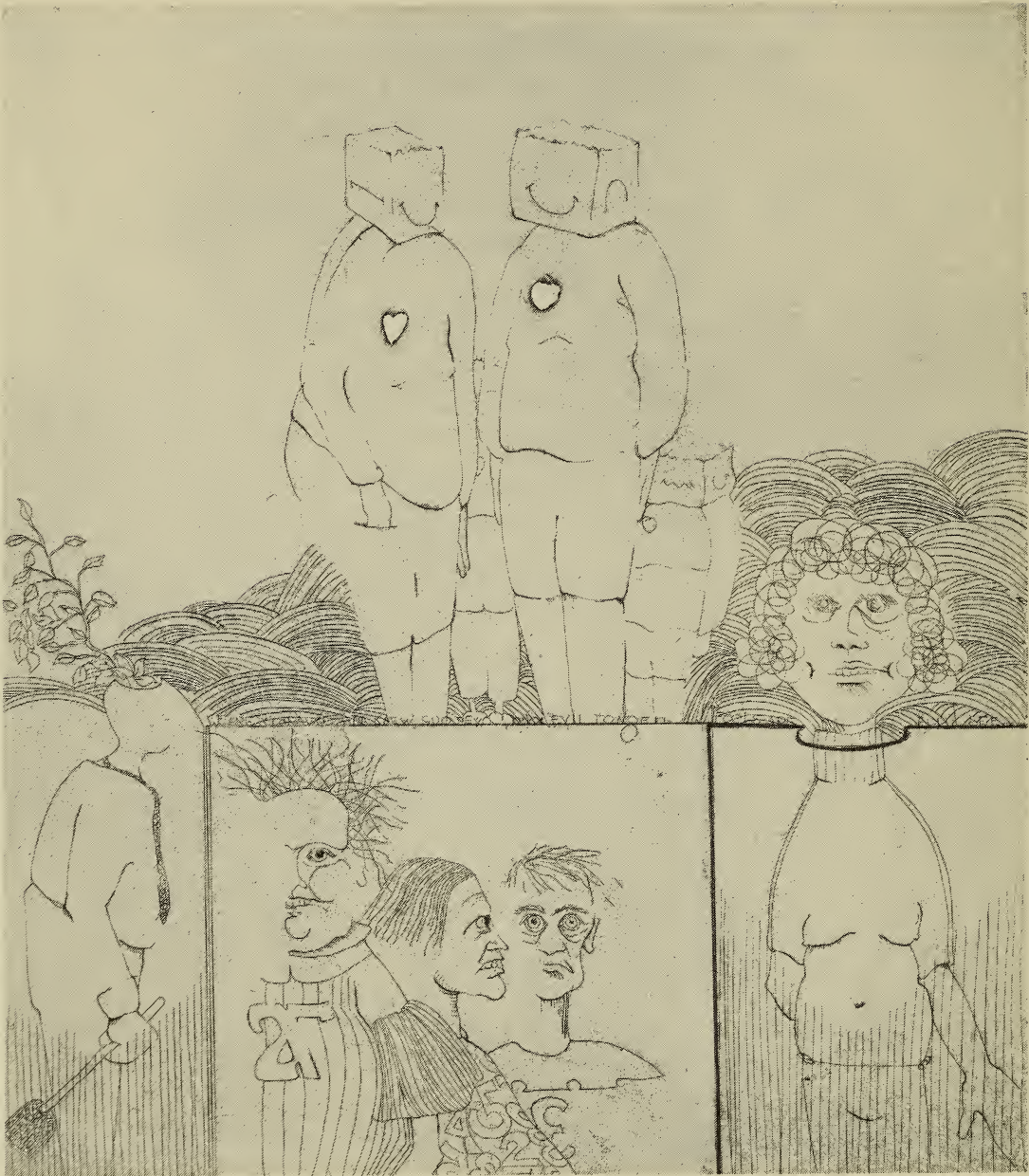
immediate
fulfillment

and soon,
with proper juices

waste.

IMAGE

mirrors
deep glass caverns
thoughts projected
like rainbows in the skyways
visible
yet transparent
like clouds
floating with the wind
high
where only enlightened mortals
question their worth,
or praise their value.
wispy cobwebs
like ghosts in the wind
(like ghosts in the mind)
blending,
in a storm.



UNCLE HARRY

Uncle Harry was a communist
divorced catholic
who ran around naked
on Fire Island
belching foul odors
at middle aged ladies (who were)
hanging around the bicycle rack.

A classical figure
he could have been seen
goosing monkeys on Noahs Ark
or a voyeur
in Buckingham Palace
(but it wasn't his time)

He became a transvestite
on weekends
hanging around the concessions
he tripped—on his maxi—and fell
yodeling
in a tank of Orange Julius
and dissolved.



FLIGHT

Grackles string a scar
Upwind

Stitching the grey falling,
Wormlike

With wings behind a hound's
Barking.

Umbilical to a swallowed
Time

(when these same wings pulled in
a clipped season)

I follow until this rib
Of a shadow

Drifts to a single motion
And floats

Like dust in the silence
Of an eye.

GREEN SOUNDS OF MOTHER

Long in the long silence of
my Mother's grave eyes straining
to see past flowers and earths
and worlds to touch her my
Mother surrounding me like spring
her green sound rising above the
pale quiet of this death place.
Her name in stone
alone softens.

BIRTHDAY PISSERS

by Dean Tucker

I woke up early that morning. Hung over as hell. Since arriving in North Carolina I had been drunk every free moment available. I hated the South. This hangover was of particular significance. The night before had been my birthday party. This was my first birthday party hangover. I hadn't drank before 1968. Hangovers are pissers.

My mouth felt stuffed with styrofoam. My head as if a car had rolled over it. Every sound seemed to come from a reverberating amplifier. My joints creaked like rusty nails being pulled from wet wood. After considerable debate with myself I decided I should get up early. The floor was cold. Silently I made my way to the head, and turned on the light. Jesus, what pain as my eyes adjusted to the brightness. Cold water on my face. No effect. My eyes had so many circles under them they looked like dartboards.

The reveille bell rang shrilly awakening the rest of the station hands. We stood in line shaving together. Someone was taking an aromatic shit. My stomach reeled and heaved. What a way to start my nineteenth year.

I skipped breakfast. After watching the fat cook slide greasy eggs onto someone else's tray I decided that food of that quality would only worsen my nausea. I fell asleep at the breakfast table. The quarters bell roused me from a quick deepening sleep.

Job assignments. I had to go on the boat crew as usual. I liked the boats. Boats are good pissers. Painting and scrubbing in the salt air began to clear my fog-bound thoughts. I still had a headache. No food yet either. Soon it would be coffee break time. I would have the cup of coffee and donut my head experience had deprived me of.

At nine-fifty-eight, two minutes before coffee break, the dock phone rang. A lost body. No coffee break. We were getting underway. We would be back in time for dinner. I didn't care if

we sailed or not. We were allowed to sleep at sea. Even in the daytime. I needed sleep badly. The boat left the dock. We had some difficulty though, my semi-stupor from the hangover made bending over to release the bowline a painful chore.

Soon we were out of the inlet. Clear seas ahead. We were going to run a search pattern for a body that was lost at sea. We were given an area to investigate. First we had to sail two miles East, then two miles West. Very boring. The sea is like an enticing woman from the vantage of a beach, but looking at it from over the side of a boat, the omnipresent green and routine up and down ride over the waves reduce the water to the boredom of an uneducated whore. A pisser. A boring pisser.

Five hours passed. East to West, West to East. I talked a little with Benjy. Benjy was my roommate. We talked about spitting into the wind. I didn't think it was anything difficult to do. On my first attempt the expectorant flew back and kissed me on the nose. I barfed, or tried to anyway. My stomach was empty. What agony.

No body or even a sign of one. I had to steer for a while. I enjoyed steering. Steering is a pisser. As good a pisser as boats are. The sun was beginning to set. We were waiting for our radio to tell us "return to station." It didn't tell us anything, just made noises like a goosed chicken would make.

Gerald called the station asking for permission to return home. Gerald was the coxwain. A career military man. In reply to his questioning, the almost unintelligible answer came, "continue present search pattern."

"Those bastards, I'm hungrier than a pig with a tapeworm," he swore in a comical sounding southern voice. It sounded funny, but it was not. We were all hungry. Hunger is a pisser. A very bad one. Birthdays are days of cake and ice cream, I thought.

Night came quickly. The moon was in its third quarter. Splinters of light danced playfully from the crests of waves. I went to sleep. I would have to steer from twelve to four. The mid-watch. I didn't sleep well. I was hungry. Out of cigarettes too.

My watch time passed rapidly. I ran the engines full throttle. To burn up fuel. Then we would *have* to return to the station. Then we could eat. (And smoke cigarettes too.) Smoking isn't a good thing to do, but being out of cigarettes was hell for me. Pisser. After my watch I went to sleep. Hunger and no cigarettes didn't matter this time.

It was ten o'clock when I awoke. We were still running the search pattern. No body yet. No food. No cigarettes. No water either. We still had ten hours fuel left. Jesus, I was feeling low.

Every hour on the hour during the day we asked for permission to return to the station. No permission. What a predicament. No body, no food, no water, no cigarettes, and no permission. All pissers. Bad ones too. Five bad pissers at once are rough to live with.

I had to steer again at six o'clock. We had only two hours fuel left. Gerald asked for permission to come home. Permission granted. Pisser. A principal pisser. We were all happy. I wheeled the boat in a big arc. Headed it directly for the center of the blazing orange sun. I was feeling better already

Soon darkness was with us again. I was alone topside. Topside on a small boat means outside. The sky was clear. Stars glittered and blinked against the quick-blackening-velvet-like sky behind them.

Being homeward bound made me happy. I hummed to myself Bob Dylan tunes. Mostly "Blowin' in the Wind". Particularly the line "How many seas must a white dove sail?" I had sailed enough for two white doves.

The humming, the dark and the rhythmic rolling of the boat worked to mesmerize my hungover body. As we approached the channel buoy I dreamed of the mountain of food I would eat. I decided to drink a gallon of water. And smoke six cigarettes at once. Then sleep. We were only ten minutes from home. Christ, I was happy. All these good pissers at once made my trance more hypnotic.

Suddenly a loud whack emanated from the bow. I disengaged the throttles with a quick jerk, then ran forward. Jesus Christ! The lost body, "Gerald, Gerald" I screamed. "I found the body, I found the Godamn fuckin' body."

Gerald was glad. He called the station and told them the news. They were glad too. Ten minutes away from home after starving three different ways and we found the body. A pisser of cataclysmic dimmension.

Benjy and I had to haul the body aboard. We used a litter made of heavy guage wire mesh. We dipped it under the water-bloated body, then scooped it up. It stank. It stank like day old diapers, rotten cheese and ten thousand dying rats all at once. As we picked the burdensome weight higher from the water the body began to strain through the holes of the litter. Pieces of gooey flesh hung randomly from the wire. Hanging and stinking. I looked at Benjy and then heaved all what was left of my insides all over his shirt. Then he puked. Finally we got the body aboard. We tied him down. Then made way for home again.

We entered the channel. Gerald was steering now. Benjy and I argued about whose fault it was we barfed. No one won the argument. I glanced at the body, then ran for the rail. Dry heaves followed by violent hacking until I saw stars. I exhausted myself. Weak-kneed I began to stand up straight. But I never made it. The boat came to an abrupt halt, throwing me aft into the recovered body. We had hit a sandbar.

Slowly I got up. The side of me that struck the body was covered with the slimy soft remains of the corpse. I stank. I stank like death and vomit. This was the worst pisser of my life. Benjy was laughing. I walked away. All the way to the turtle shell. As far aft as possible. Then I sat down.

Gerald had called the station. They were dispatching a boat to pull us from the sandbar. We would be home soon.

No one would come near me. I sat alone and thought about all the pissers I had experienced in the last thirty-two hours. Good ones like boats and steering — bad ones like hunger and death. I looked at myself. What a disgusting pisser. But then I remembered we had found the body. That was what we were supposed to do. A good pisser. Good pissers, bad pissers. This is what life is all about. I smiled at my Plato-like lucidity.

My thoughts were broken by a deafening horn blast. The tow boat had arrived.

